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A Half Century of Progress

IT IS common knowledge that wonderful progress has been made during the past half century in the realm of science—the electric light, the telephone, the phonograph, the moving picture machine, and the radio, to mention some of the more familiar. It has, indeed, been the greatest half century from the standpoint of scientific research that history records.

Fewer people, however, realize what progress has been made in the realm of philosophy and religion. Here, in brief, are some of the things pointed out by C. Jinarajadasa, born a Hindu, but Western in education and viewpoints.

Fifty years ago Christian people divided the world into Christians and heathens, with the assumption that no spiritual truth or culture of value was to be found outside Christian tradition. Today cultured men and women in the West know the value to the world of that other half of humanity called the East.

Fifty years ago, almost all without exception, who were of the white races, believed that the dark races were inferior races, because they are less advanced in material development. This belief is not so universal now, and there is a more true standard of national and racial worth. Race prejudice, though strong still, is now recognized as a blot on the highest culture.

Fifty years ago science had an aggressive attitude to religion, and every young professor ridiculed religion as a relic of superstition. Now, all the great scientists regard religion as outside their field of investigation, and hold that a scientist's opinion on religion has no more value than a priest's opinion on science.

Fifty years ago, science was perfectly positive that there is no soul, and that mind is the result of chemical changes in the brain. "No phosphorus, no thought," summed up the dictum of science. Today, this crude materialism is almost extinct.

Fifty years ago science was positive that man ended at death. Science, as science, has nothing now to say on this matter. The result of this changed attitude is that men's minds are more free, and they are looking for facts concerning man's physical nature, his hidden faculties and the super-physical possibilities of consciousness.

Fifty years ago brotherhood was little more than a sentiment. Today it is one of the most powerful ideals. Men delight to meet in conferences because now they are trained to discover the hidden forces which are in brotherhood for the helping of the individual and the community.

Fifty years ago the gulf which divided class and class and caste and caste, was greater than today. Part of the change is due to economic changes, but part also due to a powerful modifying influence which has steadily emanated from the recognition that, in all men, irrespective of race, creed, sex, caste or color, there is a hidden divine nature.

Fifty years ago men thought of God only as existing without them, an external judge, between whom and them there is an unbridgeable gulf. Today men know also of the God within, the immanent godhead in the innermost heart of man.

Thus, while we have been making tremendous strides in a material way there has also been a broadening of our conception of things spiritual, bringing more tolerance and drawing men closer together in the bonds of brotherhood. If we can but continue this growth, the future of humanity is safe.

The Crime Game Isn't Worth While

ANOTHER GUNMAN has gone the way of his gentry. They get caught—every one of them. Either they are taken alive and sent to jail or the gallows, or they die with their boots on, as did "Dutch" Anderson.

The game of committing crime just isn't worth while. Pickpockets, second-story men and gunmen sometimes get by with it for a time, but in the end there is retribution.

Probably a large number of criminals experience a certain pleasure out of being a bad man and hunted, but it can't be that sort of pleasure in accomplishment that comes to the man who has dared in a worthy cause. There is denied him the approbation of his fellowmen, which is music to the ears of most men.

It isn't necessary to be bad to get a thrill. There is a firing line for every man, if he but find his work and do it. There is a thrill in everything done well, if done for the love of it. There is a pleasure in every prosaic task, but of course it isn't prosaic to the one who experiences it.

One of the great mysteries is why men will choose crime for excitement when there are so many legitimate ways of getting it, and perhaps pleasing or serving others.

It is a queer world, and the boy who flunks on two subjects may some day employ dozens who headed the class.—Denton Record-Chronicle.

Instructions to telephone users say that we ought not to drop the final syllable of any words. Especially when saying "Hello!"—Punch.

"If Shakespeare were alive today he would be looked upon as a remarkable man."—Lecture. Sure, he would be over 300 years old.—Chicago Herald-Examiner.

It would be fine if clothing manufacturers would sew on buttons with the same care that is devoted to the affixing of size and price tags.—Florence (Ala.) Herald.

The doctrine that the Philippines will be given independence when the Filipinos become fitted for it has gained new elasticity since we began cultivating rubber there.—Columbia Record.

New York's jewelry robbery for this week fell away behind last week's record. Only about \$300,000 against \$800,000. What's the matter with New York anyway?—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Amy Lowell left an estate valued at more than \$700,000. Evidently not all her verse was free.—Virginian-Pilot.

The 14-year-old child is 11 when buying a railroad ticket and 16 when driving a car.—Florence (Ala.) Herald.

FIXING UP EVERY HOLE BUT THE WORST ONE



SURRENDER

The Story of A Girl Who Dared

CHAPTER 35.

The star reporter of the Daily News, Sam Sherwood, approached the city editor briskly. "Got a great story, Jack. Charities Union is sore because this Ainsley girl isn't going to have anything to do with the union. A committee of directors called on her today and a break developed. The women almost got to pulling hair, despite all Sam Hill Bagley could do to keep them apart. Mrs. Ovid Slaughter razed the Ainsley girl."

"Whew! But wait a minute! It's loaded with dynamite. These Charity Union directors or their husbands are all advertisers, and you know we can't shoot off any fireworks around any of the Ainsleys. Put on the soft pedal, and I'll get the boss' O. K. on the story."

"Oh, hell," Sam Sherwood grumbled. "Yeah, I hate to spoil the story, too. Now run along like a nice boy and maybe papa will buy an all day sucker," the city editor said, resuming his reading of the latest issue of Crime Mystery Magazine.

Sherwood, pecking with two fingers, typed his story as he smoked a cigarette, the smoke curling around his eyes so that he blinked as he worked.

"Hope that the new Westland Community House, founded by Miss Amoura Ainsley, would soon become a member of the Charities Union was expressed by directors of the organization today."

"A committee of directors, Mrs. Ovid Slaughter, Mrs. J. G. Stone and Sam Hill Bagley, called on Miss Ainsley today, and after an inspection of the house, expressed to her the desire of the union to have her as a member, co-operating with the union in its work. Miss Ainsley promised co-operation but declined to enter the union at this time, explaining that the Community was, in her opinion, not strictly a charity."

"At the same time Miss Ainsley announced that the Community House would not solicit funds for maintenance purposes, as do other local organizations."

There was more to Sherwood's story, but these paragraphs are sufficient to indicate its tone.

The members of the committee read the story in that afternoon's News with mixed feelings. Amoura Ainsley did not see the item. She did not go home to dinner that evening, but worked into the night with the dietitian and nurses, hot, tired, fretful, preparing for the opening of the house on the morrow.

The plan was for the nurses to visit all the houses in the slum district in turn, informing the women of the purposes of the Community House, and inviting them to attend opening exercises on Monday of the following week. Each house was to be listed, with the name of the occupant and owner, number of rooms, number of occupants, sanitary conveniences, state of condition, and any general information that might be useful. It was intended to keep a card of each.

"All of this information we must obtain without giving them the idea we are snooping," Amoura cautioned the staff. "We're not going to uplift anybody against their will. We want to help them, but they must want us to."

It rained the following morning, a chilling, depressing rain that seemed like an ominous warning of what was to follow. Amoura paced from room to room of the house, distraught with a curious restlessness that made her want to leave and do something nerve-racking, like driving an automobile furiously through the rain.

The members of the staff were not excited, but appeared to be bored. The

WHO'S WHO IN THE DAYS NEWS

S. A. CISLER.

A federal office of steadily increasing importance is that of chief of the air mail service. S. A. Cislser has been recently appointed to that office. He is qualified to hold the position by virtue of his 37 years in the postal service. The new chief was superintendent of the division embracing Nebraska, Iowa and Wyoming in 1917. Following that assignment Cislser had charge of the railway mail system for the American expeditionary forces in Siberia. Returning to America in 1920, he was made superintendent of the St. Louis division, and on June 15, 1923, he was reassigned to the Omaha post.

pressiveness is that France and nearly all other governments were eager to ratify it had not Great Britain rejected it, mainly because the United States was not to join in the treaty, and it was recognized that there could be no successful outlawry of war without the United States.

The effect of a conference for the outlawing of aggressive war at the call of the president would be to save, in the only way now possible, the essential features of the rejected protocol, with both Great Britain and the United States in the compact."

DINNER STORIES

The captain of a foreign coasting steamer was apt to break the monotony of his existence by commenting on his chief engineer's abilities. The latter, in return made the remark that he understood the captain's job better than he—the captain—did himself.

As a result the captain decided to change places with his chief engineer, the latter to take charge of the bridge, whilst he would demonstrate how the steamer should be properly driven.

For the space of an hour all went well. Then suddenly the ship stopped, and, try as he might, the captain couldn't make her go any farther. After juggling with the machinery for upwards of an hour or two the captain gave up and telegraphed to the bridge.

"I say, chief," he cried, "I can't get this hooker to move! You'd better come and put her right! She won't shift either way!"

"No, sir," replied the engineer, "I don't expect she will! We've been around this last hour!"

A Scotsman emigrated to Chicago. At first he couldn't understand the language; he puzzled and disgusted him, but in a short time it got to seem all right. As his job was a good one, the Scotsman sent for his wife. She said on her arrival:

"Gosh, Dugald, how queer the folk talk here!"

"Hoot," says Dugald, "they talk all right now. Ye should ha' heard 'em three months ago!"

The telephone girl in a New York hotel answered a queer call over the house exchange the other morning about eleven o'clock. When she "plugged in," a man's voice said: "Hello. Is this the So-and-So hotel?"

"Why, no," answered the girl "this is the Such-and-Such hotel."

"Oh, all right," said the man. "Just woke up and didn't know where I was."

THE BEST OF ADVICE

"Do Not Fear Hell or Hope for Heaven"

Heaven and Hell do not exist, except as a state of mind, and they do not need to.

For Compensation is the law of Life, as Emerson so magnificently shows in his great essay of that name.

Action and reaction we meet in every part of nature;

In darkness and light, heat and cold;

In the ebb and flow of waters;

In male and female;

In the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals;

In the systole and diastole of the heart;

In centrifugal gravity.

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every soul has its sweet; every evil its good.

Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has a penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of folly there is a grain of wit.

For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something.

If the gatherer of riches gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she puts into his safe; swells the estate but kills the owner.

It is plain to all of us that Nature hates monopolies and exceptions.

As surely as the waves of the sea speedily seek a level from their loftiest to sing, the varieties of conditions tend to equalize themselves.

There is always some leveling circumstance that eventually puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, substantially on the same ground with others.

What we gain in power is lost in time.

Before the end, every man gets his just dues.

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